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## **The Second Handmaid of Hades on Time**

Time is an orbit to Hades  
It passes me by but holds me in  
A moat  
I cannot swim it  
It drags me under to where  
Yes— I might find peace  
But there is no death for the dead  
And it rebukes me  
Shuttles me back to my ending place  
My beginning place

I make no confession  
I am weary of confessions  
For they are empty and I am blameless  
Those who live in wakeful death  
Fearful of sin  
Regardless find themselves in my place  
Though with more quiet transition  
There is power in transition  
Which unnoticed is harmful to the soul  
Which noticed wakes the soul  
Finds the heart which has not quite stopped beating  
Mine beats painful yet it beats  
And still I am Clytemnestra

*Melody Layne*